

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHER AND JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS. H. B. MASSER, Editor.

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance.

No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JACKSON.

By Masser & Eiseley. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 22, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 26--Whole No. 234.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50. 1 do 2 do, \$0 75. 1 do 3 do, \$1 00. Every subsequent insertion, \$0 25. Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.

UMBRELLAS CHEAP. REST FENNER & CO. Manufacturers of UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and SUN SHADES, No. 143 Market Street, Philadelphia.

INVITE the attention of Merchants, Manufacturers, &c., to their very extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the lowest possible prices for cash.

HERR'S HOTEL, FORMERLY TREMONT HOUSE, No. 116 Chesnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

THE SUBSCRIBER, recently of Reading, Pa., would inform the public that he has fitted up the above capacity and convenient establishment, and will always be ready to entertain in visitors.

To Country Merchants. Boots, Shoes, Bonnets, Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats.

G. W. & L. B. TAYLOR, at the S. E. corner of Market and Fifth Sts., PHILADELPHIA.

OFFER for sale an extensive assortment of the above articles, all of which they sell at unusually low prices.

FLAX SEED.—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, by Aug. 31, 1844. H. B. MASSER.

REMOVAL. DOCTOR J. B. MASSER. RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and its vicinity, that he has removed his office to the white building in Market Square, east of Tea T. Clement's store.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests, Slate lined Refrigerators, with Filters attached when required.

EVANS & WATSON, No. 76 South Third St., opposite the Exchange, PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTURE and keep on hand DAVID EVANS' celebrated Water and Provision Coffers, and Patent Premium Fire and Thief Proof Iron Chests.

CAUTION.—I do hereby caution all persons against making, using, selling, or canning to be sold, any Keyhole Covers for Fire Proof Chests, or Doors, of any kind similar in principle to my Patent, of 10th July, 1841, and also against using Refrigerators with Slate, for which my Patent is dated 26th March, 1844.

FORESTVILLE BRASS EIGHT DAY CLOCKS. THE subscriber has just received, for sale, a few of the above celebrated Eight Day Clocks.

STONE WARE for sale. 225 Stone Jugs, from 1 quart to 3 gallons, 50 Stone Jars, from 2 to 6 gallons. For sale, cheap, by Oct. 14. H. B. MASSER.



Robert Josselyn, of Holly Springs, Mississippi, is the author of the following simple exquisite verses:

THE FADED FLOWER. I keep it still, the faded flower, Through long and cheerless years, In memory of that happy hour, Which time the more endears.

Mr. SOLOMON HEINE, the rich banker, who died lately at Hamburg, expressed a wish to be buried at the break of day, without noise or cortege.

Wandering through this horrid group was a young man whom we recognised as a respectable family, but his blood-stained face and blood-shot eyes, and the loose familiarity with which he addressed the company, showed that he was at home among them.

LENGTH OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.—A neurological table of statistics relative to the length of life of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, contains the following:—The average length of life of the panther, tiger, and lion, in a menagerie at Paris, is six or seven years.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—The celebrated John Randolph once took up a Socinian pamphlet, in a book store in Baltimore. With an indescribable look, and that penetrating shrillness which none who heard it can forget, he exclaimed, "What a Christless religion is this! Christianity without a divine Saviour! It is like a famous play-bill in England, in which some strolling players announced the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out."

Subterranean Scenes in New York.

"Ironies," in the last New York Observer, quotes from the notes of a friend the following sad account of a recent exploration of one of the living hells in that city, which corroborates the reports heretofore made by Dickens:

It was midnight. We had made an appointment with an officer of the city police, one of the oldest and truest of that department, to meet us at the ——— House, and we were all ready. The neighborhood we proposed to visit, was unsafe for any man to enter in the night, unless well protected, and we had therefore taken such precautions as the first law of nature dictates in such cases.

Wandering through this horrid group was a young man whom we recognised as a respectable family, but his blood-stained face and blood-shot eyes, and the loose familiarity with which he addressed the company, showed that he was at home among them.

But we were glad to emerge from this den, and breathe again the pure air of heaven. A bright pure moon poured on us a flood of light as we gained the upper regions, and what a contrast to the murky atmosphere from which we had just escaped! It was a beautiful night!

THE PRESS.—"A journalist," said the great Napoleon, "is a gambler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than an hundred thousand bayonets."

An Irish paper says: "At present the Scotch poor are not fed; they exist on the recollection of what they ate in former years."

WASHINGTON.

"The end of the same year (1796) witnessed the resignation of the Presidency of the United States of America by General Washington and his voluntary retirement into private life. Modern history has not so spotless a character to commemorate. Inevitable in revolution, firm in conduct, incorruptible in integrity, he brought to the helm of a victorious republic the simplicity and innocence of rural life; he was forced into greatness by circumstances, rather than led into it by inclination, and prevailed over his enemies rather by the wisdom of his designs and the perseverance of his character, than any extraordinary genius for the art of war.

SINGULAR CURE FOR HEADACHE.—I had a violent headache, which the captain undertook to cure, and he certainly succeeded. He made me sit down, seized hold of my caput, and, placing a thumb on each of my temporal arteries, pressed them in such a way as to almost stop the whole circulation of my blood.

SPEAK KINDLY.—Speak kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know; many sorrows thine eye hath not seen; and grief may be knowing at his heart-strings, which ere long will snap them in sunder.

PROFOUND REPLY.—A stranger asked a countryman, whom he saw mending a road near Ross, "where the road went to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, sir; I find it here when I comes to work in the morning, and I leaves it here at night, but where it goes to in the mean time I don't know."

"Here, boys, I have four apples to divide between three of us, so there are two for you two, and two for me too."

Going to bed before a Young Lady.

As I was saying, ten years ago, Judge Douglass, of Illinois, was a headless youth of twenty years of age, freshly come amongst the people of the "Sucker State," with an air about him suspiciously redolent of Yankeeism.

"How do you adapt yourself," said I, "Judge, to the people? How did you naturalize yourself as it were?" "Oh, nothing easier: you see I like it. It's democratic. But it did come awkward at first. You know I am, or rather was, bashful to rather a painful degree. Well, now nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxuries, and have no such a thing as a second room in their houses.

"Then you shall see Serena L.—. They call her the 'White Flower'; seventeen—plump as a pigeon and smooth as a persimmon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing, the first night I slept there, am I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe my heart was topsyturvyed, for the idea of pulling off my boots before the girl, was death. And as to doffing my other fixtures, I would sooner have my leg taken off with a wood saw.

"Miss Serena, I think I will retire." "Certainly, sir," she quietly observed, "you will lodge there, sir," inclining her beautiful head towards a bed standing a few yards from where she was sitting. I proceeded to undress; entreaching myself behind a chair the while, fondly imagining the position offered some security.

"Ah! I see you stormed the battery and— "Bah! don't interrupt me. No, I determined by a bold ruse de guerre, to throw her attention out of the window, clear the perilous passage, and firmly myself under the counterpane before she recovered her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking. B. dy, limbs and head, getting up by-me s on one hundred and seven and a half pounds, all told, of fish, blood and bones, cannot individual-ly or collectively, set up any very ostentatious

pretensions I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy until she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations; for when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth.

"Mr. Douglass," she observed, "you have got a mighty small chance of legs there." Men seldom have any notice of their own powers, I never made any pretensions to skill in ground and lofty tumbling; but it is strictly true, I cleared, at one bound, the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling.

"I congratulate you, my boy," said I, posing a cube of the crimson core of the melon on the point of my knife; "a lucky escape truly! But was the young lady modest?" "Modest, sir!—there is not in Illinois a more modest, or more sensible girl. It's habit—all habit. I think nothing of it now. Why, it's only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them.

A SOUND MIND A RARE THING.—I once saw, says Mr. Cecil, this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it he found his suspicion true. The steel work in the other parts of the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection, it must act irregularly.

A MACKEREL STORY.—An exchange paper tells the following hard story:—A brother of 'Capt. Uceless,' so much noted in the Bob Snipes letters, sent by a merchant of the village of P—, in Arkansas for a barrel of mackerel. Calling one day at the merchant's store, he inquired if his barrel of mackerel had come. He was told that it had, and the merchant went down with him into his cellar to show it to him. While there, some other person called off the merchant's attention from the mackerel; meanwhile some men rolled out a barrel, which the merchant supposed to be the right one. 'Capt. Uceless,' brother had never seen any mackerel, and being curious, he opened his barrel as soon as it was out of the cellar. No mackerel was seen. Gathering up a pail he dipped off some six or seven pailsful and threw away, remarking at the time that 'it was very thick brine.' Finding no mackerel after this operation, the gallant captain's brother threw off his coat and swore he would find the fish; so plunging into the barrel his stripped arms, he felt all about in the brine for them. "By ——" exclaimed he, "there's no mackerel here, but,—displaying his dripping arms—'it's powerful strong brine, and it has eaten up all the fish!'" Going into the store he told his tale, saying there was no fish in the barrel, nothing but the best kind of thick brine. The merchant maintained that he had brought him a barrel of mackerel, and descending to the cellar, beheld there lay the barrel aforesaid. The issue of it all was, that the captain's brother had opened a barrel of train oil, and wasted about seven pailsful of it, in his vain search after the fish in the 'mighty strong brine!'"

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—A country editor, fixing his rates of advertising announces that he charges "one dollar for every sixteen lines." Quite extravagant. The best friends are those who stimulate each other to do good.